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ORATION

ON THE

LIFE, SERVICES, AND CHARACTER

OF

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1845.

BY

HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

The men of the American Revolution are no more. That age of creative power has passed away. The last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence has long since left the earth. Washington lies near his own Potomac, surrounded by his family and his servants. Adams, the colossus of independence, reposes in the modest grave yard of his native region. Jefferson sleeps on the heights of his own Monticello, whence his eyes overlooked his beloved Virginia. Madison, the last survivor of the men who made our Constitution, lives only in our hearts. But who shall say that the heroes, in whom the image of God shone most brightly, do not live forever? They were filled with the vast conceptions which called America into being; they lived for those conceptions; and their deeds praised them.

We are met to commemorate the virtues of one who shed his blood for our independence, took part in winning the territory and forming the early institutions of the West, and was imbued with all the great ideas which constitute the moral force of our country. On the spot where he gave his solemn oath to the people—here, he pledged himself before the world to freedom, to the Constitution, and to the laws—here, we meet to pay our tribute to the memory of the last great name, which gathered around itself all the associations that form the glory of America.

South Carolina gave a birth-place to Andrew Jackson. On its remote frontier, far up on the forest-clad banks of the Catowba, in a region where the settlers were just beginning to cluster, his eyes first saw the light. There his infancy sported in the ancient forests, and his mind was nursed to freedom by their influence. He was the youngest son of an Irish emigrant, of Scottish origin, who, two years after the great war of Frederic of Prussia, fled to America for relief from indigence and oppression. His birth was in 1767, at a time when the people of our land were but a body of dependent colonists, scarcely more than two millions in number, scattered along an immense coast, with no army, or navy, or union; and exposed to the attempt of England to control America by the aid of military force. His boyhood grew up in the midst of the contest with Great Britain. The first great political truth that reached his heart, was that all men are free and equal; the first great fact that beamed on his understanding, was his country's independence.

The strife, as it increased, came near the shades of his own upland residence. As a boy of thirteen, he witnessed the scenes of horror that accompany civil war; and when but a year older, with an older brother, he shouldered his musket, and went forth to strike a blow for his country.

Joyous era for America and for humanity! But for him, the orphan boy, the events were full of agony and grief. His father was no more. His oldest brother fell a victim to the war of the Revolution; another (his companion in arms) died of wounds received in their joint captivity; his mother went down to the grave a victim to grief and efforts to rescue her sons; and when peace came, he was alone in the world, with no kindred to cherish him, and little inheritance but his own untired powers.

The nation which emancipated itself from British rule organized itself; the confederation gives way to the constitution; the perfecting of that constitution—that grand event of the thousand years of modern history—is accomplished; America exists as a people, gains unity as a government and takes its place as a nation among the powers of the earth.

The next great office to be performed by America, is the taking possession of the wilderness. The magnificent western valley cried out to the civilization of popular power, that it must be occupied by cultivated man.

Behold, then, our orphan hero, sternly earnestly consecrated to humanity from childhood by sorrow, having neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor surviving brother, so young and yet so solitary, and therefore bound the more closely to collective man—behold him elect for his lot to go forth and assist in laying the foundations of society in the great valley of the Mississippi.

At the very time when Washington was pledging his own and future generations to the support of the popular institutions which were to be the light of the human race—at the time when the institutions of the Old World were rocking to their center, and the mighty fabric that had come down from the middle ages was falling in—the adventurous Jackson, in the radiant glory and boundless hope and confident intrepidity of twenty-one, plunged into the wilderness, crossed the great mountain-barrier that divides the west-

ern waters from the Atlantic, followed the paths of the early hunters and fugitives, and, not content with the nearer neighborhood to his parent State, went still further and further to the west till he found his home in the most beautiful region on the Cumberland. There, from the first, he was recognized as the great pioneer; under his courage, the coming emigrants were sure to find a shield.

The lovers of adventure began to pour themselves into the territory, whose delicious climate and fertile soil invites the presence of social man. The hunter with his rifle and axe, attended by his wife and children; the herdsman driving the few cattle that were to multiply as they browsed; the cultivator of the soil—all came to the inviting region. Wherever the bending mountains opened a pass—wherever the buffaloes and the beast of the forest had made a trace, these sons of nature, children of humanity, in the highest sentiment of personal freedom, came to occupy the beautiful wilderness whose prairies blossomed everywhere profusely with wild flowers—whose woods in spring put to shame, by their magnificence, the cultivated gardens of man.

And now that these unlettered fugitives, educated only by the spirit of freedom, destitute of dead letter erudition, but sharing the living ideas of the age, had made their homes in the West—what would follow? Would they degrade themselves to ignorance and infidelity? Would they make the solitudes of the desert excuses for licentiousness? Would the doctrines of freedom lead them to live in unorganized society, destitute of laws and fixed institutions?

At a time when European society was becoming broken in pieces, scattered, disunited, and resolved into its elements, a scene ensued in Tennessee, then which nothing more beautifully grand is recorded in the annals of the race.

These adventurers in the wilderness longed to come together in organized society. The overshadowing genius of their time inspired them with good designs, and filled them with the counsels of wisdom. Dwellers in the forest, freest of the free, bound in the spirit, they came up by their representatives, on foot, on horseback, through the forest, along the streams, by the buffalo traces, by the Indian paths, by the blazed forest avenues, to meet in convention among the mountains at Knoxville, and frame for themselves a constitution. Andrew Jackson was there, the greatest man of them all—modest, bold determined, demanding nothing for himself and shrinking from nothing that his heart approved.

The convention came together on the eleventh day of January, 1796, and finished its work on the sixth day of February. How had the wisdom of the Old World vainly tasked itself to frame constitutions, that could, at least, be the subject of experiment; the men of Tennessee, in less than twenty five days, perfected a fabric, which in its essential forms, was to last forever. They came together, full of faith and reverence, of love to humanity, of confidence in truth. In the simplicity of wisdom, they framed their constitution, acting under higher influences than they were conscious of—

They wrought in sad sincerity,
Themselves from God they could not free;
They builded better than they knew;
The conscious stones to beauty grew.

In the instrument which they framed, they embodied their faith in God, and in the immortal nature man. They gave the right of suffrage to every freeman; they vindicated the sanctity of reason, by giving freedom of speech and of the press; they revered the voice of God, as it speaks in the soul of man, by asserting the indefeasible right of man to worship the Infinite according to his conscience; they established the freedom and equality of election; and they demanded from every future legislator a solemn oath "never to consent to any act or thing whatever that shall have even a tendency to lessen the rights of the people."

These majestic lawgivers, wiser than the Solons, and Lycurguses, and Nomas of the Old World—these prophetic founders of a State who embodied in their constitution the sublimest truths of humanity, acted without reference to human praises.

They kept no special record of their doings; they took no pains to vaunt their deeds; and when their work was done, knew not that they had finished one of the sublimest acts ever performed among men. They left no record as to whose agency was conspicuous, whose eloquence swayed, whose generous will predominated; nor should we know, but for tradition, confirmed by what followed among themselves.

The men of Tennessee were now a people, and they were to send forth a man to stand for them in the Congress of the United States—that avenue to glory—that home of eloquence—the citadel of popular power; and, with one consent, they united in selecting the foremost man among their law-givers—Andrew Jackson.

The love of the people of Tennessee followed him to the American Congress; and he had served but a single term, when the State of Tennessee made him one of its representatives in the American Senate, where he sat under the auspices of Jefferson.

Thus, when he was scarcely more than thirty, he had guided the settlement of the wilderness; swayed the deliberation of a people in establishing its fundamental laws; acted as the representative of that people, and again as the representative of his organized State, disciplined to a knowledge of the power of the people and the power of the States; the associate of Republican statesmen, the friend and companion of Jefferson.

The men who framed the Constitution of the United States, many of them, did not know the innate life and self preserving energy of their

work. They feared that freedom could not endure and they planned a strong government for its protection.

During his short career in Congress, Jackson showed his quiet, deeply-seated, innate, intuitive faith in human freedom, and in the institutions of freedom. He was ever, by his votes and opinions, found among those who had confidence in humanity; and in the great division of minds, this child of the woodlands, this representative of forest life in the West, was found modestly and firmly on the side of freedom. It did not occur to him to doubt the right of man to the free development of his powers; it did not occur to him to place a guardianship over the people; it did not occur to him to seek to give durability to popular institutions, by giving to government a strength independent of popular will.

From the first, he was attached to the fundamental doctrines of popular power, and of the policy that favors it, and though his reverence for Washington surpassed his reverence for any human being, he voted against the address from the House of Representatives to Washington on his retirement, because its language appeared to sanction the financial policy which he believed hostile to Republican freedom.

During his period of service in the Senate, Jackson was elected major general by the brigadiers and field officers of the militia of Tennessee. Resigning his place in the Senate, he was made judge of the supreme court in law and equity; such was the confidence in his integrity of purpose, his clearness of judgment, and his vigor of will to deal justly among the turbulent who crowded into the new settlements of Tennessee.

Thus, in the short period of nine years, Andrew Jackson was signalized by as many evidences of public esteem as could fall to the lot of man. The pioneer of the wilderness, the defender of its stations, he was their lawgiver, the sole representative of a new people in Congress, the representative of the State in the Senate, the highest in military command, the highest in judicial office. He seemed to be recognized as the first in love of liberty, the first in the science of legislation, in judgment, and integrity.

Fond of private life, he would have resigned the judicial office; but the whole country demanded his service. "Nature," they cried, "never designed that your powers of thought and judgment of mind should be lost in retirement." But after a few years, relieving himself from the cares of the bench, he gave himself to the activity and the independent life of a husbandman. He carried into retirement the fame of natural intelligence, and was cherished as "a prompt, frank, and ardent soul." His vigor of character constituted him first among all with whom he associated. A private man as he was, his name was familiarly spoken round every hearth-stone in Tennessee. Men loved to discuss his qualities. All discerned his power; and when the vehemence and impetuosity of his nature were observed upon, there were not wanting those who saw beneath the blazing fires of his genius, the solidity of his judgment.

His hospitable roof sheltered the emigrant and the pioneers; and, as they made their way to their new homes, they filled the mountain sides and the valleys with his praise.

Connecting himself for a season, with a man of business, Jackson soon discerned the misconduct of his associate. It marked his character, that he insisted, himself, on paying every obligation that had been contracted; and, rather than endure the vassalage of debt, he instantly parted with the rich domain which his early enterprise had acquired—with his own mansion—with the fields which he himself had first tamed to the ploughshare—with the forest whose trees were as familiar to him as his friends—and chose rather to dwell, for a time, in a rude log-cabin, in the pride of independence and integrity.

On all great occasions, Jackson's influence was deferred to. When Jefferson had acquired for the country the whole of Louisiana, and there seemed some hesitancy, on the part of Spain, to acknowledge our possession, the services of Jackson were solicited by the national administration and were not called into full exercise, only from the peaceful termination of the incidents that occasioned the summons.

In the long series of aggression on the freedom of the seas and the rights of the American flag, Jackson was on the side of his country, and the new maritime code of republicanism. In his inland home, where the roar of the breakers was never heard, and the mariner was never seen, he resented the continued aggression on our commerce and on our sailors.

When the continuance of wrong compelled the nation to resort to arms, Jackson, led by the instinctive knowledge of his own greatness, yet with a modesty that would have honored the sensitive delicacy of nature, confessed his willingness to be employed on the Canada frontier; and it is a fact, that he aspired to the command to which Winchester was appointed. We may ask, what would have been the result, if the command of the northwestern army, had, at the opening of the war, been intrusted to a man who, in action, was ever so fortunate that his vehemence will seemed to have made destiny capitulate to his designs.

The path of duty had in another direction. On the declaration of war, twenty-five hundred volunteers had risen at his word to follow his standard; but by countermarching orders from the seat of government, the movement was without effect.

A new and great danger hung over the West. The Indian tribes were to make one last effort to restore it to its solitude, and recover it for savage life. The brave, relentless Shawnees—who from time immemorial has strolled from the waters of the Ohio to the rivers of Alabama—were animated by Tecumseh and his brother the

Prophet, who spoke to them as with the voice of the Great Spirit, and roused the Creek nation to desperate massacres. Who has not heard of their terrible deeds, when their ruthless cruelty spared neither sex nor age! when the infant and its mother, the planter and his family, who had fled for refuge to the fortress, the garrison that capitulated—all were slain, and not a vestige of defence was left in the country? The cry of the West demanded Jackson for its defender; and though his arm was then fractured by a ball, and hung in a sling, he placed himself at the head of the volunteers of Tennessee, and resolved to terminate forever the hereditary struggle.

Who can tell the horrors of that campaign? Who can paint rightly the obstacles which Jackson overcame—mountains, the scarcity of untended forests, winter, the failure of supplies from the settlements, the insubordination of troops, mutiny, menaces desertion? Who can measure the wonderful power over men, by which his personal powers and attractive energy drew them in mid-winter from their homes, across mountains and morasses, and through trackless deserts? Who can describe the personal heroism of Jackson, never sparing himself beyond any of his men, encountering toil and fatigue, sharing every labor of the camp and of the march, foremost in every danger; giving up his horse to the invalid soldier, while he himself waded through the swamps on foot? None equaled him in power of endurance; and the private soldier, as they found him passing them on the march, exclaimed "he is as tough as the hickory." "Yes," they cried to one another, "there goes Old Hickory!"

Who can narrate the terrible events of the double battles of Emucklaw, or the glorious victory of Tohopeka, where the anger of the general against the faltering was more appalling than the war-hoop and the rifle of the savage? Who can rightly conceive the field of Enotohopeo, where the general, as he attempted to draw the sword to cut down a flying colonel who was leading a regiment from the field, broke again the arm which was but newly knit together; and quietly replacing it in the sling with his commanding voice arrested the flight of the troops, and himself led them back to victory?

In six short months of vehement action, the most terrible Indian war in our annals was brought to a close; the prophets were silenced; the consecrated region of the Creek nation reduced through scenes of blood, and avenging hand sought only the path to peace. Thus Alabama, and the highway to the Floridas, were his gifts to the Union. These were the trophies.

Genius as extraordinary as military events can call forth, was summoned into action in this rapid efficient, and most fortunately conducted war.

Time would fail were I to track our hero down the watercourse of Alabama to the neighborhood of Pensacola. How he longed to plant the eagle of his country on its battlements!

Time would fail, and words be wanting, were I to dwell on the magical influence of his appearance in New Orleans. His presence dissipated gloom and dispelled alarm; at once he changed the aspect of despair into a confidence of security and a hope of acquiring glory. Every man knows the tale of the heroic, sudden, and yet deliberate daring which led him, on the night of the twenty-third of December, to precipitate his little army on his foes, in the thick darkness, before they grew familiar with their encampment, scattering dismay through veteran regiments of England, and defeating them, and arresting their progress by a far inferior force.

Who shall recount the counsels of prudence, the kindling words of eloquence, that gushed from his lips to cheer his soldiers, his skirmishes and battles, till the eventful morning when the day at Bunker's Hill had its fulfillment in the glorious battle of New Orleans, and American Independence stood before the world in the majesty of victorious power.

These were great deeds for the nation: for himself he did a greater. Had not Jackson been renowned for the vehement impetuosity of his passions, for his defiance of other's authority, and the unbending vigor of his self-will? Behold the savior of Louisiana, all garlanded with victory, viewing around him the city he had preserved the maidens and children whom his heroism had protected, stand in the presence of a petty Judge who gratifies his wounded vanity by an abuse of his judicial power. Every breast in the crowded audience heaves with indignation. He, the passionate, the impetuous—he whose power was to be humbled, whose honor questioned, whose laurels tarnished alone stood sublimely serene; and when the craven Judge trembled, and faltered, and dared not proceed, himself, the arraigned one, bade him take courage, and stood by the law even in the moment when the laws were made the instrument of insult and wrong on himself—at the moment of his most perfect claim to the highest civil honors.

His country, when it grew to hold many more millions, the generation that then was coming in, has risen up to do homage to the noble heroism of that hour. Woman, whose feeling is always right, did honor from the first to the purity of his heroism. The people of Louisiana, to the latest hour, will cherish his name as their greatest benefactor.

The culture of Jackson's mind had been much promoted by his services and associations in the war. His discipline of himself as the chief in command, his intimate relations with men like Livingston, the wonderful deed in which he bore a part, all uttered his judgement and mellowed his character.

Peace came with its delights; once more the country rushed forward in the development of its powers; once more the arts of industry healed the wounds that war had inflicted; and, from commerce and agriculture and manufactures, wealth

gushed abundantly under the free activity of unfettered enterprise.

And Jackson returned to his own fields and his own pursuits, to cherish his plantation, to care for his servants, to look after his stud, to enjoy the affection of the most kind and devoted wife, whom he respected with the gentlest deference, and loved with an almost miraculous tenderness.

And there he stood, like one of the mightiest forest trees of his own West, vigorous and colossal, sending its summits to the skies, and growing on its native soil of beholders. From all parts of the country he received appeals to his political ambition, and the severe modesty of his well-balanced mind turned them all aside. He was happy within himself.

But the passions of the southern Indians were not allayed by the peace with Great Britain; and foreign emissaries were still among them, to inflame and direct their malignity. Jackson was called forth by his country to restrain the cruelty of the treacherous and unsparing Seminoles. It was in the train of the events of this war that he placed the American eagle on St. Mark's, and above the ancient towers of St. Augustine. His deeds in that war, of themselves, form a monument to human power, to the clarity of his genius, to the creative fertility of his resources, his intuitive sagacity. As Spain, in his judgement, had committed aggression he would have emancipated her islands; of the Havana, he caused the reconnaissance to be made; and, with an army of five thousand men, he stood ready to guaranty her redemption from the colonial thralldom.

But when peace was restored, and his office was accomplished, his physical strength sunk under the pestilential influence of the climate, and at last yielding to disease, he was born in a litter across the swamps of Florida towards his home. It was Jackson's character that he never solicited aid for any one; but he never forgot those who rendered him service in the hour of need. At a time when all believed him near his end his wife hastened to his side; and, by her tenderness and nursing care, her patient assiduity and the soothing influence of devoted love, withheld him from the grave.

He would have remained quietly at his home in repose, but that he was privately informed, his good name was to be attained by some intended congressional proceedings; he came once more from communing with his own thoughts among the groves of the Hermitage.

It was not his own ambition which brought him again to the public view. The affection of Tennessee compelled him to resume a seat on the floor of the American Senate, and, after years of the intensest political strife, Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States.

Far from advancing his own pretensions, he always kept them back, and had for years repressed the solicitations of his friends to become a candidate. He felt sensibly that he was devoid of scientific culture, and little familiar with letters; and he never obtruded his opinions, or preferred claims to place. But, whenever his opinion was demanded, he was always ready to pronounce it; and whenever his country invoked his services, he did not shrink even from the station which had been filled by the most cultivated men our nation had produced.

Behold, then, the unfettered man of the West, the nursing of the wilds, the farmer of the Hermitage, little versed in books, unconnected by science with the tradition of the past, raised by the will of the people to the highest pinnacles of honor, to the central post in the civilization of republican freedom, to the stations where all the nations of the earth would watch his actions—where his words would vibrate through the civilized world, and his spirit be the morning-star to guide the nations. What policy will he pursue? What wisdom will he bring with him from the forest? What rules of duty will he involve from the oracles of his own mind?

The man of the West came as the inspired prophet of the West: he came as one free from the bonds of hereditary or established custom; he came with no superior conscience, no oracle but his native judgement; and, true to his origin and his education—true to the conditions and circumstances of his advancement, he valued right more than usage; he reverted from the pressure of established interests to the energy of first principles.

We tread on ashes, where the fire is not yet extinguished; yet not to dwell on his career as President, were to leave out of view the grandest illustration of his magnanimity. The legislation of the United States had followed the precedents of the legislation of European monarchies; it was the office of Jackson to lift the country out of the European forms of legislation, and to open to it a career resting on American sentiment and American freedom. He would have freedom everywhere—freedom under the restraints of right; freedom of industry, of commerce, of mind, of universal action; freedom, unshackled by restrictive privilege, unrestrained by the thralldom of monopolies.

The unity of his mind and his consistency were without a parallel. With natural dialectics, he developed the political doctrines that suited every emergency, with a precision and a harmony that no theorist could hope to equal. On every subject in politics—I speak but a fact—he was thoroughly and profoundly and immovably radical and would sit for hours, and in a continued flow of remark make the application of his principles to every question that could arise in legislation, or in the interpretation of the constitution.

His expression of himself was so clear, that his influence pervaded not our land only but all America and all mankind. They say that, in the physical world, the magnetic fluid is so diffused, that its vibrations are discernible simultaneously in every part of the globe. So it is with

the element of freedom. And Jackson developed in doctrines from their source in the mind of humanity, the popular sympathy was moved and agitated throughout the world, till his name grew every where to be the symbol of popular power. Himself the witness of the ruthlessness of savage life, he planned the removal of the Indian tribes, beyond the limits of the organized States, and it is the result of his determined policy that the region east of the Mississippi has been transferred to the exclusive possession of cultivated man.

A Pupil of the wilderness, his heart was with the pioneers of American life towards the setting sun. No American statesman has ever embraced within his affectionate scheme so liberal for the emigrants as that of Jackson. He longed to secure to them, not pre-emption rights only, but more than pre-emption rights. He longed to invite labor to take possession of the unoccupied fields without money and without price, with no obligation except the perpetual devotion of itself, by allegiance, to its country. Under the beneficent influence of his opinions, the sons of misfortune, the children of adventures, find their way to the uncultivated West. There in some wilderness glade, or in the thick forest of the fertile plain, or where the prairies most sparkle with flowers, they, like the wild bee which sets them the example of industry, may choose their home, mark the extent of their possessions by driving stakes or blazing trees, shelter their log-cabin with boughs and turf, and teach the virgin soil to yield itself to the ploughshare. Theirs shall be the soil, theirs the beautiful farms which they teach to be productive. Come, children of sorrow! you whom the Old World frowns; crowd fearlessly to the forest; plant your homes in confidence, for the country watches over you; your children grow around you as hostages, and the wilderness, at your bidding, surrenders its grandeur of useless luxuriance to the beauty and loveliness of culture. Yet beautiful and lovely as is this scene, it still by far falls short of the ideal which lived in the affections of Jackson. His heart was ever with the pioneer; his policy ever favored the diffusion of independent freeholds throughout the laboring classes of our land.

It would be a sin against the occasion, were I to omit to commemorate the deep devotedness of Jackson to the cause and to the rights of labor. It was for the welfare of the laboring classes that he defied all the storms of political hostility. He longed to secure to labor the fruits of its own industry; and he unceasingly opposed every system which tended to lessen their reward, or which exposed them to be defrauded of their dues. The laborers may bend over his grave with affectionate sorrow; for never, in the tide of time, did a statesman more heartily resolved to protect them in their rights, and to advance their happiness. For their benefit he resisted all artificial methods of controlling labor, and subjecting it to capital. It was for their benefit that he loved freedom in all its forms—freedom of the individual in personal independence, freedom of the States as separate sovereignties. He never would listen to counsels which tended to the centralization of power. The true American system presupposes the diffusion of freedom—organized life in all the parts of American body politic, as there is organized life in every part of the human system. Jackson was deaf to every counsel which sought to subject general labor to a central will. His vindication of the just principles of the Constitution derives its sublimity from his deep conviction that this strict construction is required by the lasting welfare of the great laboring classes of the United States.

To this end, Jackson received the tribuneal power of the veto, and exerted it against the decisive action of both branches of Congress, against the votes and wishes, the entreaties of personal and political friends. "Show me," was his reply to them, "show me an express clause in the constitution authorizing Congress to take the business of State legislatures out of their hands." "You will ruin us all," cried a firm partisan friend, "you will ruin your party and your own prospects." "Providence," answered Jackson, "will take care of me;" and he persevered.

In proceeding to discharge the debt of the United States—a measure thoroughly American—Jackson followed the example of his predecessors; but he followed it with the full consciousness that he was rescuing the country from the artificial system of finance which had prevailed throughout the world; and with him it formed a part of a system by which American legislation was to separate itself more and more effectually from European precedents, and develop itself more and more, according to the vital principles of our political existence.

The discharge of the debt brought with it, of necessity, a great reduction of the public burdens, and brought, of necessity, into view, the question how far America should follow of choice the old restrictive system of high duties, under which Europe had oppressed America; or how far she should rely on her own freedom and enterprise and power, delaying the competition, and seeking the markets, and receiving the products of the world.

The mind of Jackson on this subject reasoned clearly, and without passion. In the abuses of the system of revenue by excessive imposts, he saw, evils which the public mind would remedy; and inclining with the whole might of his energetic nature to the side of revenue duties he made his earnest but tranquil appeal to the judgment of the people.

The portions of country that suffered most severely from a system of legislation, which in its extreme character as it then existed, is now universally acknowledged to have been unequal and unjust, were less tranquil, and rallying on the doctrines of freedom, which made our Government a limited one, they saw in the oppressive acts an assumption of power which was nugatory because it was exercised, as they held, without authority from the people.

The contest that ensued was the most momentous in our annals. The greatest minds of America engaged in the discussion. Eloquence never achieved such triumphs in the American Senate, and on these occasions. The country became deeply divided; and the antagonist elements were arrayed against each other under

forms of clashing authority menacing civil war; the freedom of the several States was invoked against the power of the United States; and under the organization of a State in Convention, the reserved rights of the people were summoned to display their energy, and balance the authority and neutralize the legislation of the central Government. The States were agitated with prolonged excitement; the friends of freedom throughout the world looked on with divided sympathies, praying that the Union of the States might be perpetual, and also that the commerce of the world might be free.

Fortunately for the country, and fortunately for mankind, Andrew Jackson was at the helm of state, the representative of the principles that were to allay excitement, and to restore the hopes of peace and freedom. By nature, by impulse, by education, by conviction, a friend to personal freedom—by education, political sympathies, and the fixed habit of his mind, a friend to the rights of the States—unwilling that the liberty of the States should be trampled under foot—unwilling that the Constitution should lose its vigor or be impaired, he rallied for the Constitution; and in its name he published to the world "The Union: it must be preserved." The words were a spell to hush evil passion, and to remove oppression. Under his guiding influence, the favored interest, which had struggled to perpetuate unjust legislation, yielded to the voice of moderation and reform; and every mind that had for a moment contemplated a rupture of the States discarded it forever. The whole influence of the past was invoked in favor of the Constitution; from the council chambers of the fathers, who moulded our institutions—from the hall where American independence was declared the clear, loud cry was uttered—"The Union: it must be preserved." From every battle field of the revolution—from Lexington and Bunker Hill—from Saratoga and Yorktown—from the fields of Eutaw—from the cane-brakes that sheltered the men of Marion—the repeated, long prolonged echoes came up—"The Union: it must be preserved." From every valley in our land—from every cabin on the pleasant mountain side—from the ships at our wharves—from the tents of the hunter in our westernmost prairies—from the living minds of the living millions of American freedom—from the thickly coming glories of futurity—the shout went up like the sound of many waters, "The Union: it must be preserved." The friends of protective system, and they who had denounced the protective system—the statesmen of the North, that had wounded the Constitution in their love of centralism—the statesmen of the South, whose minds had carried to its extreme the theory of State rights—all conspired together: all breathed prayers for the perpetuity of the Union. Under the prudent firmness of Jackson—under the mixture of justice and general regard for all interests, the greatest danger to our institutions was turned aside and mankind was encouraged to believe that our Union, like our freedom is imperishable.

The moral of the great events of those days is this: that the people can discern right, and will make their way to a knowledge of right; that the whole human mind, and therefore with it the mind of the nation, has a continuous, ever improving existence; that the appeal from the unjust legislation of to-day must be made quietly, earnestly, perseveringly to the more enlightened collective reason of to-morrow; that submission is due to the popular will, in the confidence that the people, when in error, will amend their doings; that in a popular Government injustice is neither to be established by force, nor to be resisted by force; in a word, that the Union which was constituted by consent, must be preserved by love.

It rarely falls to the happy lot of a statesman to receive such unanimous applause from the hearts of a nation. Duty to the dead demands that on this occasion, the course of measures should not pass unnoticed, in the progress which his vigor of character most clearly appeared and his conflict with opposing parties was most violent and protracted.

From his home in Tennessee, Jackson came to the Presidency resolved to lift American legislation out of the forms of English legislation, and to place our laws on the currency in harmony with the principles of our Government. He came to the Presidency of the United States, resolved to deliver the Government from the Bank of the United States, and to restore the regulation of exchanges to the rightful depository of that power—the commerce of the country. He had designed to declare his views on this subject in his inaugural address, but was persuaded to relinquish that purpose, on the ground that it belonged rather to a legislative message. When the period for addressing Congress drew near, it was still urged, that to attack the bank would forfeit his popularity and secure his future defeat. "It is not," he answered, "it is not for myself that I care." It was urged that haste was unnecessary, as the bank had still six unexpired years of chartered existence. "I may die," he replied, "before another Congress comes together, and I could not rest quietly in my grave, if I failed to do what I hold so essential to the liberty of my country." And his first annual message announced to the country that the bank was neither constitutional nor expedient. In this he was in advance of the friends about him, in advance of Congress, and in advance of his party. This is no time for the analysis of measures or the discussion of questions of political economy; on the present occasion, we have to contemplate the character of the man.

Never from the first moment of his administration to the last, was there a calm in the strife of parties on the subject of the currency; and never, during the whole period, did he recede or falter. Always in advance of his party—always having near him friends who covered before the hardness of his courage, he himself, throughout all the contest, was unmoved, from the first suggestion of the unconstitutionality of the bank to the moment when he himself first of all, reasoning from the certain tendency of its policy, with singular sagacity, predicted to unbelieving friends the coming insolvency of the institution.

The storm throughout the country rose with unexampled vehemence: his opponents were not satisfied with addressing the public, or Congress, or his Cabinet; they threw their whole force personally on him. From all parts men pressed

around him, urging him, entreating him to bend. Congress was flexible; many of his personal friends faltered; the impetuous swelling wave rolled on, without one sufficient obstacle till it reached his presence; but as, it dashed in its highest fury at his feet, it broke before his firmness. The commanding majesty of his will appalled his opponents and revived his friends. He himself, had a proud consciousness that his will was indomitable. Standing over the rocks of the Rip Raps, and looking out upon the ocean, "Providence," said he to a friend, "Providence may change my determination; but man no more can do it, than he can remove these Rip Raps, which have resisted the rolling ocean from the beginning of time." And though a panic was spreading through the land, and the whole credit system as it then existed was crumbling to pieces and crushing around him, he stood erect like a massive column, which the heaps of fallings ruins could not break, nor bend, nor sway from its fixed foundation.

[At this point Mr. Bancroft turned to address the mayor of the city of Washington; but finding him not present he proceeded.]

People of the District of Columbia: I should feel a duty on this occasion, if I did not give utterance to your sentiment of gratitude which followed General Jackson into retirement. Dwelling amongst you, he desired your prosperity. This beautiful city, surrounded by heights the most attractive, watered by a river so magnificent, the home of the gentle and the cultivated, not less than the seat of political power—this city, whose site Washington had selected, was dear to his affections; and if he won your grateful attachment by adorning it with monuments of useful architecture, by establishing its credit and relieving its burdens, he regretted only that he had not the opportunity to have connected himself still more intimately with your prosperity.

As he prepared to take his final leave of the District, the mass of the population of this city, and the masses that had gathered from around, followed his carriage in crowds. All in silence stood near him, to wish him adieu; and as the tears started, and he displayed his gray hairs, as he belittled his hat in token of farewell, you stood around with heads uncovered, too full of emotion to speak, in solemn silence gazing on him as he departed, never more to be seen in your midst.

Behold the warrior and statesman, his work well done, retired to the Hermitage, to hold converse with his forests, to cultivate his farm, to gather around him hospitably his friends! Who was like him? He was still the lord-star of the American people. His fervid thoughts, frankly uttered, still spread the flames of patriotism through the American breast; his counsels were still listened to with reverence; and, almost alone among statesmen, he, in his retirement was in harmony with every onward movement of his time. His prevailing influence assisted to sway a neighboring nation to desire to share our institutions; his ear heard the footsteps of the coming millions that are to gladden our western shores; and his eye discerned in the dim distance the whitening sails that are to enliven the waters of the Pacific with the social sounds of our successful commerce.

Age had whitened his locks, and dimmed his eyes, and spread around him the infirmities and venerable emblems of many years of toilsome service; but his heart beat as warmly as in his youth, and his courage was as firm as it had ever been in the day of battle. But while his affections were still for his friends and his country, his thoughts were already in a better world. That exalted mind, which in active life had always had unity of perception and will which in action had never faltered from doubt, and which in council had always reverted to first principles and general laws, now gave itself up to communing with the Infinite. He was a believer, from feeling, from experience, from conviction. Not a shadow of scepticism ever dimmed the lustre of his mind. Proud philosopher! will you smile to know that Andrew Jackson perused reverently his Psalter and Prayer-book and Bible? Know that Andrew Jackson had faith in the eternity of truth, in the imperishable power of popular freedom, in the destinies of humanity, in the virtues and capacity of the people, in his country's institutions, in the being and overruling providence of a merciful and ever-living God.

The last moment of his life on earth is at hand. It is the Sabbath of the Lord; the brightness and beauty of Summer clothed the fields around him; nature is in her glory; but the sublimest spectacle on that day, on earth, was the victory of his unblenching spirit over death itself. When he first felt the hand of death upon him, "May my enemies," he cried, "find peace; may the liberties of my country endure forever."

When his exhausted system, under the excess of pain, sunk, for a moment, from debility, "Do not weep," said he to his adopted daughter; "my sufferings are less than those of Christ upon the cross; for he, too, as a disciple of the cross, could have devoted himself, in sorrow, for mankind. Feeling his end near, he would see all his family once more; and he spoke to them, one by one, in words of tenderness and affection. His two little grandchildren were absent from Sunday-school. He asked for them; and as they came, he prayed for them, and kissed them, and blessed them. His servants were then admitted; they gathered, some in the room, and some on the outside of the house, clinging to the windows, that they might gaze and hear. And that dying man, thus surrounded, in a gush of fervid eloquence, spoke with inspiration of God, of the Redeemer, of salvation through the atonement, of immortality, of heaven. For he ever thought that pure and undefiled religion was the foundation of private happiness, and the bulwark of republican institutions. Having spoken of immortality in perfect consciousness of his own approaching end, he bade them all farewell. "Dear children," such were the final words, "dear children, servants and friends, I trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black—all, both white and black." And having borne his testimony to immortality, he bowed his mighty head, and, without a groan, the spirit of the greatest man of his age escaped to the bosom of his God.

In life, his career had been like the blaze of the sun in the fierceness of its noon-day glory; his death was lovely as the mildest sunset of a summer's evening, when the sun goes down in tranquil beauty without a cloud. To the majestic energy of an indomitable will, he joined a heart capable of the purest and most devoted love, rich in the tenderest affections. On the bloody battlefield of Tohopoka, he saved an infant that clung to the breast of its dying mother: in the stormiest moment of his Presidency, at the imminent moment of decision, he paused in his way, to give good counsel to a poor suppliant that had come up to him for succor. Of the strifes in which he was engaged in his earlier life, not one sprung from himself, but in every case he became involved by standing forth as the champion of the weak, the poor and the defenceless, to shelter the gentle against oppression; to protect the emigrant against the avarice of the speculator. His generous soul revolted at the barbarous practice of duels, and by no man in the land have so many been prevented.

The sorrows of those that were near to him went deeply into the soul; and at the anguish of the wife whom he loved, the orphans whom he adopted, he would melt into tears, and weep and sob like a child. No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him; no public man of this century ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instinct received American ideas: no man ever expressed them so completely, or so boldly, or so sincerely. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always, and altogether sincere and true.

Up to the last, he dared do anything that was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps the record. Before the nation, before the world before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of the American mind. And the secret of his greatness in this: by intuitive conception, he shared and possessed all the creative ideas of his country and his time. He expressed them with an immovable will; and enforced them with an electric power that attracted and swayed the American people. The nation, in his time, had not one great thought, of which he was not the boldest and clearest expositor.

History does not describe the man that equalled him in firmness of nerve. Not danger, not an army in the battle array, not wounds, not widespread clamor, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair in the least degree the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardness of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished. Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battle-fields of Europe; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship; and, when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned the last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and escaped from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality.

His body has its fitting place in the great central valley of Mississippi; his spirit rests upon our whole territory; it hovers over the valleys of Oregon, and guards in advance, the frontier of the Del Norte. The fires of party spirit are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. Whatever of good he has done, lives, and will live forever.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER.—Let the man relinquish the newspaper published in his own neighborhood, for the sake of taking some other larger, cheaper or more popular paper published abroad. The newspaper published in ones own vicinity is always, as a general rule, more valuable than any other—if it be for nothing, but the advertisements; aye, the somewhat abused and much neglected advertisements, are a thermometer of the place and often the key which opens the door to excellent bargains. It is of no little consequence for the farmer to know what is going on in his market town, the competition in selling goods and the competition in buying produce—the chances in business operations—the settlements of estates—the sale of farms, stocks, &c. &c.—We venture to say, there is not a man who may not every year much more than save the price of subscription to his neighboring newspaper, from its advertising columns alone; and on this ground exhort all to patronize their own newspapers.—Exchange Paper.

A WARNING TO APPRENTICES.

At the June term of the District Court held at Portland, several boys from ten to fifteen years of age were convicted of larceny and sentenced to the County Jail. Among them was a boy who ran away from this office about one year ago, who is sentenced to six months imprisonment. He was an active and intelligent lad, but he would have his own way, which in one short year has landed him in the County Jail! Let other boys take warning from his example, and not take the first false step.

[Bulletin.]

There is great rejoicing over the marriage of Colonel Stone, who has edited the Plattsburg Republican more than thirty years, without making any provision for certain lectures. The age of this hard old fellow is computed to be 66, going on 60.

It is not so much in the quantity of water, as in the manner of using it, that makes the externals of a man clean; so it is not so much the professions, as the practices of men, that make them good.

Hear the Philadelphia Gazette, a whig paper—

"Andrew Jackson, when living, we recognized but as belonging to a party—now that he is dead, his fame belongs to his country. Let us therefore have immediate steps taken for some public municipal demonstration of regret at his death."

Hear the Boston Atlas, which, after denouncing the celebration in that city in honor of Jackson and charging those of its party who

proposed to join in it, with premeditated mockery and hypocrisy, says—
"We would sooner see our arm fall withered by our side, than to see it encircled by crape, in pharisaical mourning for Andrew Jackson."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 22, 1845.

State Election.

The period when we shall again be called upon to elect a Governor for the State, for another year, is rapidly increasing, and it is now full time that the notes of preparation should be heard in the Republican camp. Our opponents have called a Convention, to meet on 7th proximo, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor; and however apathetic they may now appear, and indeed, in the estimation of many, hopeless their cause, it is certain they will make a struggle, and strive for victory, however remote the prospect of achieving it may be. If they can infect the Democratic party with a belief that they are again under the command of "General Apathy," and do not expect any success if they do exert themselves, undoubtedly they will inflict much injury upon us, and render their struggle for success much easier. It has long been their policy to mislead the democracy in this manner; but the magnitude of the objects at stake in this election, should warn us that they will not let the election go by without an effort.

The election of a U. S. Senator devolves upon the next Legislature. Mr. Evans, the whig Senator, who now misrepresents this State in Congress by opposing every great measure upon which the administration of James K. Polk came into power, and who supports every measure with which the name of Henry Clay is identified, goes out of the Senate on the 4th of March next. The democrats have in the ensuing election to decide whether Mr. Evans shall be again sent to the U. S. Senate, or whether a Democrat shall occupy his seat. The whole responsibility of the result rests upon the Democracy of the State, for they possess power to govern it. The importance of the question we trust requires no words to urge it upon the popular mind. If Mr. Evans, or another whig, is sent to the Senate, the vote of our worthy Democratic Senator is off-slate; and the State is virtually not represented in the Senate; if a Democrat is elected in Mr. Evans' place, the State will be faithfully represented by two Democratic votes, which in that body is frequently sufficient to decide the fate of important measures of government. The importance, therefore, of being early and vigorously at work in this campaign, and taking such consultative action in every representative district as will secure the united democratic strength upon the regular candidates for the Legislature, must be manifest to all.

The ensuing election is important, moreover, as it will decide whether the people of the State are really so contemptible in the amount of their intelligence, as our opponents appear to suppose, as to be humbugged by trumped-up Roobacks, more contemptible if possible, than those which constituted a good portion of their available capital in the Presidential campaign. The charge of "fraud" against the State government, and by some of the federal organs charged directly against the Governor himself, is so supremely silly, that in exposing the paucity of materials with which the whigs have to work upon against the present State administration, the very reverse of what they would exhibit is proved; and honest men of all parties should be induced to come forward in support of a State administration against which only a false charge—disgraceful only to those who urge it—is brought, and against a party which is endeavoring to force its candidates upon the people by such scandalous means.

The democracy of the State should also have several weighty general reasons for uniting a vigorous and effective strength in the ensuing election. Their votes carried the State for James K. Polk, and did more than any other one event to influence the general result. There certainly is no reason why we should not renew that verdict, and again pronounce against the Bank, Assumption, anti-Orion, and anti-Texas policy of the federal party. There would be a palpable injustice to what we believe are the sentiments of the people, were the democracy of the State to reverse that verdict. Immediately after the triumph of federalism in 1840, the democracy of the State and Union swept it nearly out of existence. There were certainly good reasons for this, for no party should exist a day that entertained such high-handed measures as were exhibited by Clay at the famous extra session. Let us present a verdict different from that against federalism, and show to the world the contrast between democracy and federalism, when in power, in the estimation of the people. Let us moreover extend our confidence and encouragement to the national administration, that its noble course in relation to the Oregon and other questions may not be impeded through any fear of public disapproval.—Rep. Jour.

A large portion of this number of the Democrat is occupied by the admirable oration of Hon. George Bancroft on the death of Gen. Jackson. We think it well appropriated, and trust our readers will not turn from it in consequence of its length. It will richly repay any one for perusal.

Celebration at Brunswick.—Wednesday, the 9th, was assigned for laying the corner stone of the new College Chapel, at Brunswick, in this State, which ceremony was performed, with the customary pomp and parade on such occasions, by the Grand Lodge of Maine. The heat of the day was oppressive, the thermometer ranging at about 100 degrees, yet a vast concourse of people were present to witness the ceremony, which occupied from half past two until six of the clock in the afternoon.

Hon. Wm. King, of Bath, has made a donation of \$6000 for the purpose of completing the Chapel.

Florida Senators.—The legislature of the new State of Florida chose two U. S. Senators on the 1st inst., David Levy and James D. Wescott—both democrats. Their majority was 26 votes.

BUSINESS OF THE COUNTRY.

The country is now enjoying, in a good degree, that prosperity which was promised to the people about five years ago by Henry Clay, if they would overthrow the then existing Administration. He said it was not necessary to even wait until the election of Harrison and Tyler, or until they had taken the oath of office, for "better times" to commence, but that improvement would begin the moment it was settled that they would be elected. He said, and made thousands in the country believe, that all that was required to usher in a new business era, was, to make certain that there would be a change in the Administration. This no longer doubtful, he promised immediately as well as great prospective benefits. Business would be furnished to every man's hand, and prosperity would visit every dwelling. The promises were caught up by Whig partisans in every direction, they were repeated and sung and the strains prolonged at every Whig gathering. The "pocket argument" had its effect. A change was made in the Administration. But was it followed by the eagerly foretold and solemnly promised golden era of unusual prosperity? No. The country remained in a "ruined" condition, the canal continued "a solitude," the lake a desert waste of waters, the exchanges were no better regulated, money was no more abundant than before, and there was no diminution in the national expenditures. No one went to bed poor and got up rich.

Things thus continued, with little improvement, until the time when it was foreseen that at the next national election, now past, another change would be made in the Administration. Then business gradually assumed a new aspect, new hopes sprang up in the bosoms of the desponding, business revived, thrift followed industry and activity, there was a new demand for labor, which met with a fair reward, capital was employed and yielded a good return, money became more abundant, and from that time to the present the business of the country has continued to improve.

The country is now enjoying what is commonly designated "good times," with the brightest prospects for increased prosperity as time progresses. Mr. C's prophecy of "better times" has come to pass, but he was mistaken as to the time of the fulfillment and the character of the Administration when his "prediction" would become fact,—"an essential mistake indeed, and one that has ruined his reputation as a seer."

We now find all branches of business in a state of unexampled prosperity, the country advancing on the high road to wealth and greatness, and the people contented and happy. It was not so five years ago. We do not say that the gratifying change that has since taken place is wholly attributable to change of rulers, to the restoration of the Democracy to political power, but we do say that if the Whigs were right in holding the old Democratic Administration responsible for the "bad times" six years ago, it is right they should give the new Democratic Administration credit for the present "good times."

We would call the attention of parents, guardians, and the public generally, to the advertisement of Mr. Virgin for a High School in this Village, to be found in another column. Mr. Virgin bears the reputation of being an excellent teacher, and we trust he will obtain a full school.

This Village is unquestionably one of the most beautiful and pleasantly located places for a school, or a place of resort for those in pursuit of health, or pleasure, in the Summer and Fall months, of any place in the country. The air is pure and bracing, the scenery of the vicinity unsurpassed, the drives in any direction pleasant and interesting, and the accommodations as good as can be found in the State. Every thing tends to make it a pleasant, beautiful, and quiet Village.

Robbery.—On Friday night, 11th inst. (says the Boston Bee), Mr. Albion K. Norris, of Bangor, Me., had his pocket book, containing \$1047 in Bank bills, mostly of the Eastern Bank of Bangor, a draft for \$700, and several small notes taken from his coat pocket at the depot of the Eastern Railroad, Lewis' wharf. Mr. Norris had just arrived in the city in the evening train from Portland, in company with his wife, and whilst he was assisting her into a carriage, the villain abstracted the pocket book from his coat. He had also about his person a package of \$1000 which the robber did not succeed in obtaining.

How many bitter moments pay for our sweet ones in this life, and yet how willing are we all to make the purchase whatever be the price! The ambitious spirit of enjoyment is upon us, and we must still enlarge the sphere of our delight, though—as when a conqueror stretches the bounds of his empire, and thereby only exposes a wider frontier to attack—each new hope, each new pleasure, each new possession, but lays us open to loss, regret and disappointment.

When is our County Convention to be? is a question very frequently asked; but one which we are unable to answer definitely—no notice having as yet been received for publication. We understand, however, that it is to be some time in August next. Is it not time the County Committee were stirring in this matter?

From the second of April to the thirtieth of June, a period of not quite three months, there had arrived at the Quarantine ground New York, thirty-one thousand and four hundred and forty-three immigrants, of whom seventeen thousand six hundred and sixty-five arrived in June.

Business with Texas.—The bark John Kerr cleared from Boston on the 11th inst. for Galveston, and the brig Rodney on the 12th, for the same port. The prospect now is that trade will soon increase.

The Legislature of Rhode Island has refused to authorize the appointment of a Chaplain to the State Prison.

Reverses of Counterfeits. Bills of the Bank of Lower Canada, altered to the Lancaster Bank, Mass. of the denomination of 10's are said to be in circulation.

To Sweeten Rancid Butter. The Echo de la Montagne says: An agriculturalist in the neighborhood of Brussels, having succeeded in removing the bad smell and taste of some butter by beating or mixing it with chloride of lime, he was encouraged by this happy result to continue his experiments, and he has restored to butter whose odor and taste were insupportable all the sweetness of fresh. This operation is extremely simple and practicable by all. It consists in beating the butter in a sufficient quantity of water, in which put twenty-five or thirty drops of chloride of lime to two pounds of butter. After having mixed it till all its parts are in contact with the water, it may be in it for an hour or two, afterwards withdrawn, and then worked anew in fresh water. The chloride of lime having nothing injurious in it can with safety be augmented; but after having verified the experiment, it was found that twenty-five of thirty drops to two pounds of butter was sufficient.

Arnold's Expedition to Canada. Conversing with some lumber-men recently, who spent last winter in the woods in the vicinity of Dead River, in Me., we are informed that traces of Arnold's passage from the mouth of the Kennebec to Canada, are still visible in many places in that neighborhood. Where paths were cut through the dense forest, now is to be seen a thick undergrowth, not so far grown but that the path can be distinctly traced. Also in a small lake called Chain Lake, fragments of the boats in which the little army crossed it, are to be found. It is now some seventy years since that memorable and ill-fated expedition which was among the last acts performed by Arnold previous to his becoming a traitor to his country. The boats we believe were built at Augusta, and taken to the Lake for the army to cross over in. [Danvers Courier.]

An honest man is the noblest work of God. A writer in the Boston Atlas, and the Editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, both state that Messrs. Fiske & Mine, who failed a few years since for nearly \$500,000, and settled with their creditors for fifty-three cents on a dollar on the 1st inst., paid up the balance of the claims against them.

Rotation in Office. Genl. Samuel Essenden of Portland was nominated as the candidate of the Political Abolitionist party for Governor at the approaching election, by a convention held in that city on the 4th inst. Gen. Appleton, who has served the party in that capacity for several years past, declined a re-nomination.

U. S. Military Movements. The N. O. Picayune of the 16th inst. announces the arrival at that port of the 4th regiment of U. S. Infantry from Fort Jessup. The 3d regiment was daily expected. They are on the route to the Rio Grande, and have been preceded by the 1st regiment of Dragoons, under command of Capt. Saigge.

The London papers are calling upon Sir Robert Peel for a duty on Indians, as the supply is fast exceeding the demand. The tariff would probably have to be adjusted on revenue principles, as we see no disposition evinced by the English people to produce their own Indians.

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. Fault, madam! said one, how can you call that a fault? Why, because there are different ways of eating them. My husband takes them in the form of brandy.

Died, at Greenwhich, Conn., on the 8th day of June, of smallpox, Noah Lookwood, aged 91 years. He was one of the first to enter the army at the outbreak of the Revolution, and was an active participant in the struggles at Lexington, Bunker Hill, Concord and Yorktown.

Tell the Truth. Daniel B. Powers, of Rochester N. Y., has been sentenced to two years in the State Prison upon the conviction of perjury in obtaining his bankrupt papers.

Amiable Simplicity. "Miss Brown I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brick batonelle. "Just let me have your hand, if you please." "Let Mr. White, how sudden you are!" "Well go and ask my father."

The other night was the hottest that "ever was." There can be no mistake about this. There is a melancholy rumor that Mrs. Caudle's tongue melted off—but we think she will be able to grow a new one.

Too Observant. "Father, I heard you say in the rail car yesterday that you are in favor of low fares." "I am." "I thought so, for I saw you kissing your short servant girl this morning."

A correspondent of the Charleston Evening Post, mentioned a rattlesnake that was found dead in the woods near Georgetown, South Carolina, which was 7 feet long, and 73 rattles, and twelve an inch and a half long.

An old hard shell minister, in his sermon a few weeks ago observed that "no one ever got religion in a great bustle." Think of this ladies!

Peytons and Fashions. It is now stated positively, that these crack horses will run against each other in October next, over the Long Island course.

"You are always in a bustle, Lizzy." "It is the fashion ma."

Mackerel. For a few days past our harbor has been filled with Mackerel; and on Monday about four hundred barrels, it is estimated were taken in skiffs, vessels, boats, and on the wharves. Upwards of a hundred barrels were taken in a seine at one haul. Considerable mackerel were taken yesterday, but not in such quantities as on Monday. [Gloucester Telegraph of Wednesday.]

Sad Accident. A young lady 19 years of age died a few days since at Oswego, from taking a dose of saltpetre, sent to her instead of salts by a careless clerk.

"A Prophet" has been arrested and imprisoned in Quebec, Canada, for having foretold the destruction of that portion of the city recently destroyed by fire.

A WHIG BOMB SHELL.

Every one who is in the habit of reading whig papers, has probably seen an article under the title of "Mysteries of Iniquity," recently published in the New York Whig Review, and copied, in part, into almost every Whig paper in this State. The Whig paper of this town copied a part of it and was "in a rage" because we copied into the Democrat an article from the Albany Argus, which characterized the "mysteries" as a fiction as fabulous as the adventures of "Sindbad the Sailor." This famous bomb-shell has exploded in their own camp, doing much more damage there than among those at whom it was aimed. They could not stand the whole of the humbug served up for them. Even Mr. Colton, the editor of the Review in which it first made its appearance, has come out under his own signature, and denied that he saw portions of the article before it was published; and that had it come under his observation, all possible considerations would have forbidden its admission. He says emphatically, "I believe the facts stated in it to be untrue—the inferences from those statements equally untrue—and their insertion in an article with whose subject matter they have no connection, liable to the severest censure." This looks very much like repudiating his own offspring.

The New York Courier and the Troy Whig, two influential whig papers have pounced upon the "Mysteries" in a very impetuous manner. The Courier says:—

"In this very long and circumstantial pretended history of the frauds of the last election, it is worthy of remark, that the writer does not attempt to give the slightest evidence in support of his allegations. He starts off upon a most absurd theory; and then as he proceeds, manufactures facts in support of it. Charge upon charge is brought forward in most circumstantial manner; allegation after allegation is made with as much apparent confidence in their truth as if the facts had been elicited in a court of justice; and yet not one particle of evidence in support of a solitary charge or allegation, is placed before the reader. Nobody can rise from the perusal of this paper without a conviction that it is from beginning to end the work of an unsettled and wandering imagination, of a brain laboring under a most unhappy hallucination, which call for the prompt interference of kind friends to prevent more disastrous consequences. That the mind of the writer is not as tranquil as it should be, is apparent from the gross contradictions contained in the article itself; and that the responsible editor of the Magazine, has no brains to become added, is manifest from the admission of such a raving and ridiculous article into its pages."

Again the Courier says—
"All [Whigs] will agree in their expression of contempt for the unfortunate dreamer who penned the silly article, pretending to a knowledge of events of which he is profoundly ignorant; and exhibiting in every column, contradictions of himself and a recklessness which does not belong to a sane mind. This is unavoidable. But they will go farther; and unless notice be immediately given that the Review has passed into other hands or will in future be very differently conducted, it will be kicked out of every domicile as a nuisance which no decent Whig can tolerate."

When will the whigs be done conjuring up causes of the defeat of Mr. Clay? They have as many excuses for him as the gentleman did for the non-appearance of his friend on the call of a jury. "May it please your honor," said he "I have forty-one reasons to offer for the non-appearance of Mr. Smith. And first Mr. Smith is dead; second—"stop" said the Judge, "that will suffice." In enumerating the causes of Mr. Clay's defeat; we should name first his want of popularity, which prevented his getting a sufficient number of votes. Mr. Clay was politically dead. Not satisfied with this reason, his partisans go on to tell us—secondly, he was defeated by the abolitionists, who would not vote for him—thirdly, he was defeated by the Democrats, who out voted the Whigs—fourthly, he was defeated by the foreigners who voted for Mr. Polk—fifthly, he was defeated by fraud—sixthly, he was defeated, we are told in the "Mysteries," by the nomination of Frelinghuysen—and, seventhly, by the treachery of Daniel Webster. The other thirty-five reasons will doubtless soon be made public.

The article above named occupies twenty-five pages in the Whig Review, and the publisher announces, in large letters, that a "copy-right" has been secured, and that an edition will be published in pamphlet. There will be great execution now—the copy-right of the "mysteries of iniquity" has been secured for the use of the whig party! They had better take warning from the fate of the Kings of old, who consulted the witches and False Prophets, lest the "mysteries of iniquity" prove their ruin.

We wish our friends to remember what is here said of this mysterious article in the Review, by its own party, for it is not unlikely that in the next election campaign thousands of these pamphlets will be sent into our state in the hope of deceiving the people by its ridiculous hallucinations. [Maine Dem.]

It is said that a first rate man-of-war of the present day requires upwards of 70,000 cubic feet of timber, and 180,000 lbs of hemp are used in the cordage. It is estimated that the extent of ground on which the timber for a ninety gun ship would grow, would be fifty acres.

A handsome girl, in the bloom of youth died at Hinkley, England, recently, in consequence of tight lacing.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss: The following fact needs no comment.

New York, Jan. 25, 1843.
I have been afflicted with the Asthma for twenty years, sometimes so severely as to be confined to my room for weeks, and thought attended by various medical advisers of the highest reputation and skill in the country, twice the disease proved nearly fatal to my life.
Some few weeks since I commenced taking WIS-TAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which gave instant relief, and a single bottle has produced what I believe to be a radical and perfect cure.
For asthma, coughs, colds, shortness of breath, wheezing, and soreness of the lungs, I believe it to be the very best medicine in the world. I send this certificate to the Agent, whom I do not know, only as a duty which I owe in sympathy to the afflicted.

A. WILLIAMS,
Counselor at Law, 58 William street.
We are acquainted with the writer of the above certificate, and his statements are entitled to the full confidence of the public.

F. A. TALLMADGE,
Recorder of the City of New York.
JOHN POWER,
Vicar General of New York.

An Angel of Consolation to the victims of Consumption, the Hungarian Balm of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan, of London, England, and known as the Great English Remedy.

From Peck & Spear, Burlington, Vt. We could give you, if it were necessary, the names of multitudes of persons who have been benefited by the Hungarian Balm.

Yours truly,
PECK & SPEAR.
Pamphlets respecting this great English remedy may be had gratis of Messrs HANNOX, only agent in Paris.

MARRIED.
In this town, 13th inst., by America Dissee, Esq. Mr Benjamin Young Jr, to Miss Ruth B. Benson, both of Hartford.

In Bangor, by Geo. W. Snow, Esq. Mr Pizarro Park to Miss Hannah A. Jordan.
In Augusta, Charles H. Sanford of Sebect, to Miss Cynthia A. Chandler, of Fiskeville.

DIED:
In Augusta July 4th, Miss Lydia Land, aged 55.
In Farmington, Mrs Maria Sweetland, aged 73.
In Thomaston, Mrs Abigail Berry wife of Joseph Berry, Esq, aged 53.

HIGH SCHOOL.
A HIGH SCHOOL will be opened on Paris Hill, in the town of Bangor, on the first day of September, to commence on Monday, the first day of September next, and continue one term only.

The instructor intends to secure to those who patronize his School, all the advantages and privileges usually afforded by our Academies.
While those pursuing the common English branches will receive primary attention, Scholars wishing to pursue classical studies, will have an opportunity of attending to Latin, Greek, German, and finally all those branches usually taught in schools of a similar kind.
Terms—\$3; or 30 cents per week.
Paris, July 1st, 1845.

STATE OF MAINE.
Oxford, ss:
To the Sheriff of our County of Oxford, or his Deputy, Greeting:

WE COMMAND YOU to attach the goods or estate of Timothy G. Hadley and Isaac Hamlin now out of the State and in part unknown, and Benjamin Barker of Hiram, in said County, Esquire, to the value of twelve hundred dollars, and to summon the said defendants before our Justice of our Western District Court, next to be holden at Paris, within and for our said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1845, then and there, in our Court, to answer unto the said plaintiff, if they may be found in your precinct, to appear before our Justice of our Western District Court, next to be holden at Paris, within and for our said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1845, by their note of hand of that date, the said Hadley as principal, and the said Hamlin and Barker as sureties, promised the plaintiff to pay him or his order six hundred and twenty five dollars by the first day of June, A. D. 1835, with interest, and the plaintiff avers that said time is now and long since elapsed. Yet the defendants, though often requested, has not paid said sum or interest to the plaintiff, but neglect and refuse so to do. To the damage of the said plaintiff for the sum of the said twelve hundred dollars, with such shall then and there be made to appear, with other due damages. And have you there this writ with your doings therein.

Witness, DANIEL GOODENO, Esq., at Paris, the twenty-fifth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.
J. G. COLE, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.
Oxford, ss:
Western District Court, June Term, 1845.

Peleg Wadsworth, v. Timothy G. Hadley & al. Plaintiff, v. Defendant.

IN the foregoing action, Ordered, that the Plaintiff do attach a copy of his writ with this Order of Court thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next term of this Court to be holden at said Paris on the second Tuesday of November next, that the defendant then and there appear and answer to the same if they see cause.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.
A true copy of this Writ and Order thereon.
Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Notice of Foreclosure.
WHEREAS FRANKS DENNIS, of Paris in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, Gentleman, by his deed of Mortgage dated Oct. 31, 1833, and recorded with Oxford Records Book 66, page 143, conveyed to the subscriber certain premises therein fully described, to which deed, recorded as aforesaid, reference is had for further description, to secure the payment of the sum of seven hundred thirty dollars and thirty-four cents in one year from date of said Mortgage deed, with interest annually. And whereas, the conditions of said deed are now due, and the same are broken, I therefore give this public notice to foreclose the same according to the Statute in such case made and provided.

VIRGIL D. PARIS.
Paris, July 6th, 1845.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
Oxford, ss:
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the Inn of Col. Samuel Morrill, in Dixfield Village, on Saturday, the sixteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M.—All the right, title and interest of ZACHARIAH J. GAMMON of rearing and said Gammon mortgaged to George H. Randall and Samuel M. Smith for about one hundred and fifty dollars; reference will be had to said mortgage for particulars on the day of sale. The same having been attached on the original Writ, July 11th, 1845.

ISAAC PARK, Deputy Sheriff.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY.
In payment for the Democrat, Advertiser, Job Work, &c.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the Store of Jervis G. Marble in Paris, in said County, on Saturday, the sixteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M.—All the right which Luther Washburn has in equity to redeem certain parcels or tracts of real estate situated in Paris in said County, and being the same premises the said Washburn now occupies and the same premises devised to him and I. C. Washburn October, A. D. 1836, by Otis Washburn; and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 47, page 386, the same having been mortgaged to Abner Andrews to secure the payment of \$50 52 on demand and interest, by deed dated April 14, A. D. 1833, and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 64, page 130, and also the Grist Mill and privilege and all the land thereon connected as above named; likewise the same devised to said Luther Washburn by Josiah Dull, situated on the West side of the stream at the outlet of Moose Pond in said Paris, embracing the Store lot with the buildings thereon, all of the above having been mortgaged to Abner Andrews, to secure the payments of two other debts, to wit—one for \$243, payable on demand and interest annually, and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 64, page 108—also to secure \$120 on demand and interest, by deed dated June 7, A. D. 1843, and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 65, page 474, whose reference is had for a more particular description of the premises and amount due—the same having been attached on the original Writ.

SIMON CUMMINGS, Deputy Sheriff.
Paris, July 10, 1845.

Sheriff's Sale.
Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution, the same having been attached on the original Writ, and will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION.
at the Inn of Josiah Knight, in Fryeburg, in said County of Oxford, on Saturday, the thirteenth day of September next, at four o'clock, P. M.—All the right which STEPHEN IRISH has in equity to redeem the Farm situated in Fryeburg formerly occupied by him, lying on Lovell's Pond, and being the same conveyed by him by deed of Mortgage to the Trustees of Fryeburg Academy, dated June 7, A. D. 1843, and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 65, page 474, whose reference is had for a more particular description of the premises and amount due—the same having been attached on the original Writ.

MERRILL WYMAN, Deputy Sheriff.
Fryeburg, July 10th, 1845.

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MERRILL WYMAN, Deputy Sheriff.
Fryeburg, July 10th, 1845.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.
BY virtue of a License from the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Notice is hereby given that there will be exposed for sale at the house of Benjamin F. Whitcomb, in Sweden, in the County of Oxford, on Saturday the twenty-third day of August, 1845, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the right of redemption of all the Real Estate of

NANCY WHITCOMB, late of said Sweden, deceased, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.

Said real estate consists of about fifteen acres of wood land and about ten of pasture land. Also, one Pew, No. 30, in the Methodist Meeting House in said Sweden.

Dated at Sweden this twelfth day of July, for the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

BENJ. F. WHITCOMB, Administrator.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

Job Printed, Guardian of James P. Waterman, minor son of James Waterman, late of Portland, in the County of Cumberland, deceased; of Oliver and Jane Turner, minor children of Anne Turner, late of Greene, in the County of Kennebec, deceased; and of James M., Charles, Ernest, and Jackson Clark, minor children of Cyrus Clark, late of Turner, in said County of Oxford, deceased, having presented his accounts of guardianship of the estate of said minor.

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be hold at said Paris, on the 18th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. T. EMERY, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. T. EMERY, Register.

Advertisement.
THIS certifies, that I have given to my son, Stephen H. Newton, his time, and declare him free to act and trade for himself. I shall neither claim his earnings or pay any debts which he may contract after this date.

Attest: SYDNEY A. SNOW.
Ranford, June 21, 1843.

NOTICE—CAUTION!
A person calling himself Noncross is travelling about the State, selling a spurious article of Paris' Life Pills, with our name engraved, which is a forgery and will be punished as a criminal offence.

Also, all persons who deal with said Noncross, or with any other person who uses our forged names, are cautioned that if they sell, they may make themselves equally liable. We are determined to prosecute all such encroachments upon our rights, and all such great public wrongs to the extreme of the law. Valuable information tending to procure the conviction of Noncross will be thankfully received and rewarded by the subscribers.

THE ROBERTS & CO.
117 Fulton St., N. York.
July 1, 1844.

The patrons of Paris' Life Pills will bear this in mind that all Agents for the sale of the "Genuine" are furnished with a certificate of Agency, signed ESTH. W. FOWLE, who is the sole Agent for New England. Office 125 Washington-street, Boston.

DR. WISTAR'S Balsam of Wild Cherry.
THE best medicine known to man for Influenza, Croup, Asthma of every stage, Bleeding of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Liver Complaint, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs, may be had of Agents named below.

22-AN published statements of cures performed by this medicine, are, in every respect, TRUE. Be careful and get the genuine "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," as spurious imitations are abroad. The country should be addressed to S. W. FOWLE 125 Washington St. Boston, sole agent for New England.

Agents:—Paris, Thomas Crocker; Norway, A. C. Denit; New York, J. C. Denit; London, J. C. Denit; Boston, J. C. Denit; Philadelphia, J. C. Denit; New Orleans, J. C. Denit; San Francisco, J. C. Denit; Portland, J. C. Denit; Bangor, J. C. Denit; Hallowell, J. C. Denit; Waterville, J. C. Denit; Calais, J. C. Denit; Ellsworth, J. C. Denit; Fort Kent, J. C. Denit; Malone, J. C. Denit; Plattsburgh, J. C. Denit; Burlington, J. C. Denit; Albany, J. C. Denit; Newburgh, J. C. Denit; Poughkeepsie, J. C. Denit; West Point, J. C. Denit; Yonkers, J. C. Denit; New Rochelle, J. C. Denit; Rye, J. C. Denit; Scarsdale, J. C. Denit; Tarrytown, J. C. Denit; Valhalla, J. C. Denit; West Nyack, J. C. Denit; New York City, J. C. Denit.

C. W. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
DIXFIELD-VILLAGE, MAINE

Agents—Paris, THOMAS CROKER; Norway, A. C. DeMott & Co.; North Livermore, J. Goodlee; Canton Mass., J. M. Dehon; Dixfield, Chas. P. Case; Rumford, J. H. Grady; Rumford Corner, J. H. Wardwell; Wilton, J. H. W. Gould; E. Wilton, J. & E. Brane; Augusta, R. Fuller.

SETH W. FOWLE, sole Agent for New England. Office, 133 Washington St., Boston. Single boxes, 25 cts. Double or family boxes, 50 cts., with full directions.—Aug. 27. 16

Setting Pivot Teeth,	\$1.00	1.50, & 2.00
Work warranted.—March 28		11 47

TURNER-VILLAGE, Me.

Dixfield, June 24, 1845. JOHN J. HOLMAN, *Adm'r.*
3w8*